His greatnes waid, his will is not his owne,
He may not as vnualewed perſons doe,
Craue for himſelfe, for on his choiſe depends
The ſafety and health of this whole ſtate,
And therefore muſt his choiſe be circumſcrib'd,
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that body,
Whereof he is the head, then if he ſaies he loues you,
It fits your wiſdome ſo farre to beleeue it
As he in his particuler act and place
May giue his ſaying deede, which is no further,
Then the maine voyce of Denmarke goes withall.
Then way what loſſe your honor may ſuſtaine,
If with too credent eare you liſt his ſongs
Or looſe your heart, or your chaſt treaſure open,
To his vnmaſtred importunity.
Feare it Ophelia, feare it my deare ſiſter,
And keepe you in the reare of your affection
Out of the ſhot and danger of deſire,
„The chariſt maide is prodigall enough
If ſhe vnmaske her beauty to the Moone
„Vertue it ſelfe ſcapes not calumnious ſtrokes
„The canker gaules the infant of the ſpring
Too oft before their buttons be diſcloſ'd,
And in the morne and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blaſtments are moſt iminent,
Be wary then, beſt ſafety lies in feare,
Youth to it ſelfe rebels though none elſe neare.
Ophe. I ſhall the effect of this good leſſon keepe,
As watchmen to my heart: but good my brother
Doe not as ſome vngracious paſtors doe,
Show me the ſteepe and thorny way to heauen
Whiles a puft, and reckles libertine,
Himſelfe the primroſe path of dalience treads,
And reakes not his owne reed. *Enter Polonius.*
Laer. O feare me not,
I ſtay too long, but heere my father comes
A double bleſſing, is a double grace,
Occaſion ſmiles vpon a ſecond leaue.
Pol. Yet here *Laertes*? a bord, a bord for ſhame,

The wind ſits in the ſhoulder of your ſaile,
And you are ſtaied for, there my bleſſing with thee,
And theſe few precepts in thy memory
Looke thou character, giue thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any vnproportion'd thought his act,
Be thou familier, but by no meanes vulgar,
Thoſe friends thou haſt and their adoption tried,
Grapple them vnto thy ſoule with hoopes of ſteele,
But do not dull thy palme with entertainement
Of each new hatcht vnfledgd courage; beware
Of entrance to a quarrell, but beeing in,
Bear't that th'oppoſer may beware of thee.
Giue euery man thy eare, but few thy voyce,
Take each mans cenſure, but reſerue thy iudgement,
Coſtly thy habite as thy purſe can buy,
But not expreſt in fancy; rich not gaudy,
For the apparrell oft proclaimes the man:
And they in France of the beſt ranck and ſtation,
Ar of a moſt ſelect and generous, cheefe in that:
Neither a borrower nor a lender boy,
For loue oft looſes both it ſelfe, and friend,
And borrowing dulleth the edge of husbandry:
This aboue all, to thine owne ſelfe be true
And it muſt follow as the night the day
Thou canſt not then bee falſe to any man:
Farewell, my bleſſing ſeaſon this in thee.
Laer. Moſt humbly do I take my leaue my Lord.
Pol. The time inueſts you, goe, your ſeruants tend,
Laer. Farewell *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I haue ſaid to you.
Ophe. Tis in my memory lockt
And you your ſelfe ſhall keepe the key of it.
Laer. Farewell *Exit. Laertes.*
Pol. What ift *Ophelia* hee hath ſaid to you?
Ophe. So pleaſe you, ſomething touching the Lord *Hamlet.*
Pol. Marry well bethought
Tis told me hee hath very oft of late
Giuen priuate time to you, and you your ſelfe
Haue of your audience beene moſt free and bountio is,